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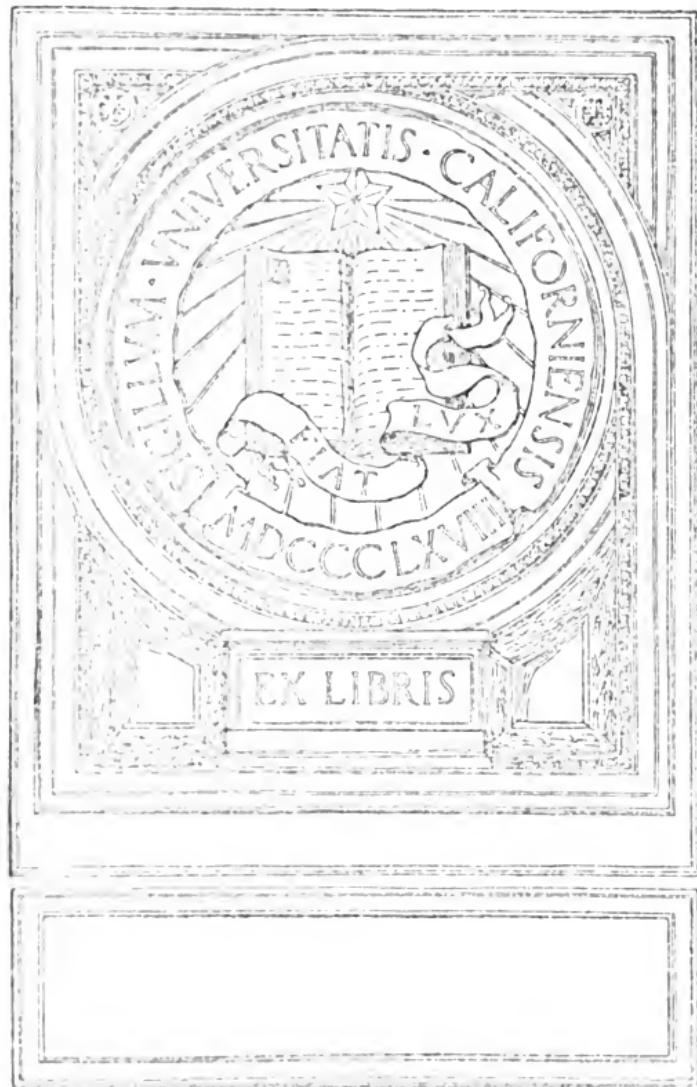
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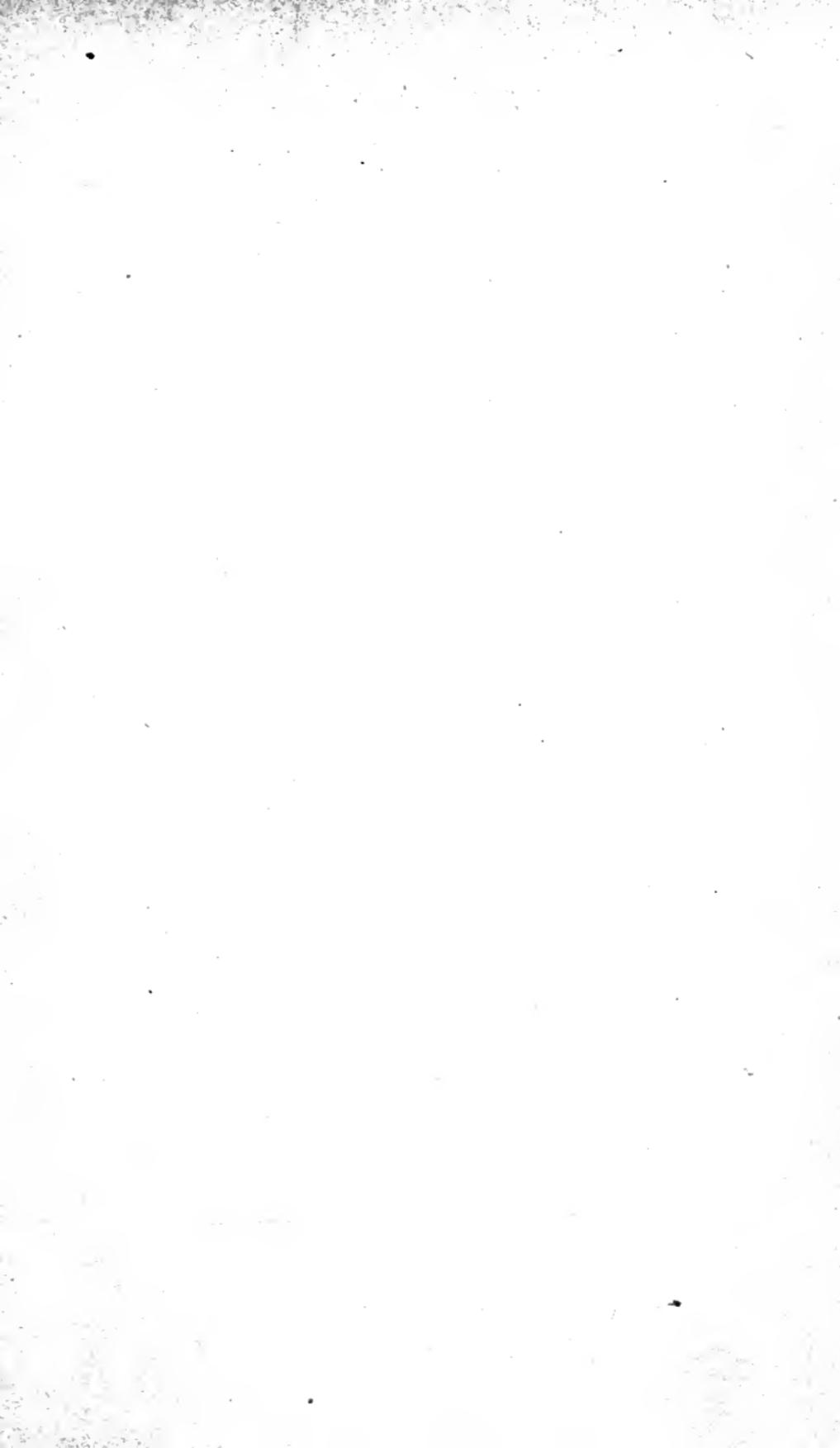
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GARDEN

GATE



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THE

GARDEN GATE,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

By CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

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BOSTON:
HENRY L. SHEPARD, & CO.
(Successors to Shepard & Gill.)

1874.

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TO HIS FRIEND AND FORMER PASTOR,
THE RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME, BY PERMISSION, IS MOST
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E .

THESE fragments of poetry have mostly been published, from time to time, in public Journals of high moral, religious and literary standing, in this country and abroad. The author trusts that they will be acceptable in this gathered form, to his Subscribers and others.

C. W. B.

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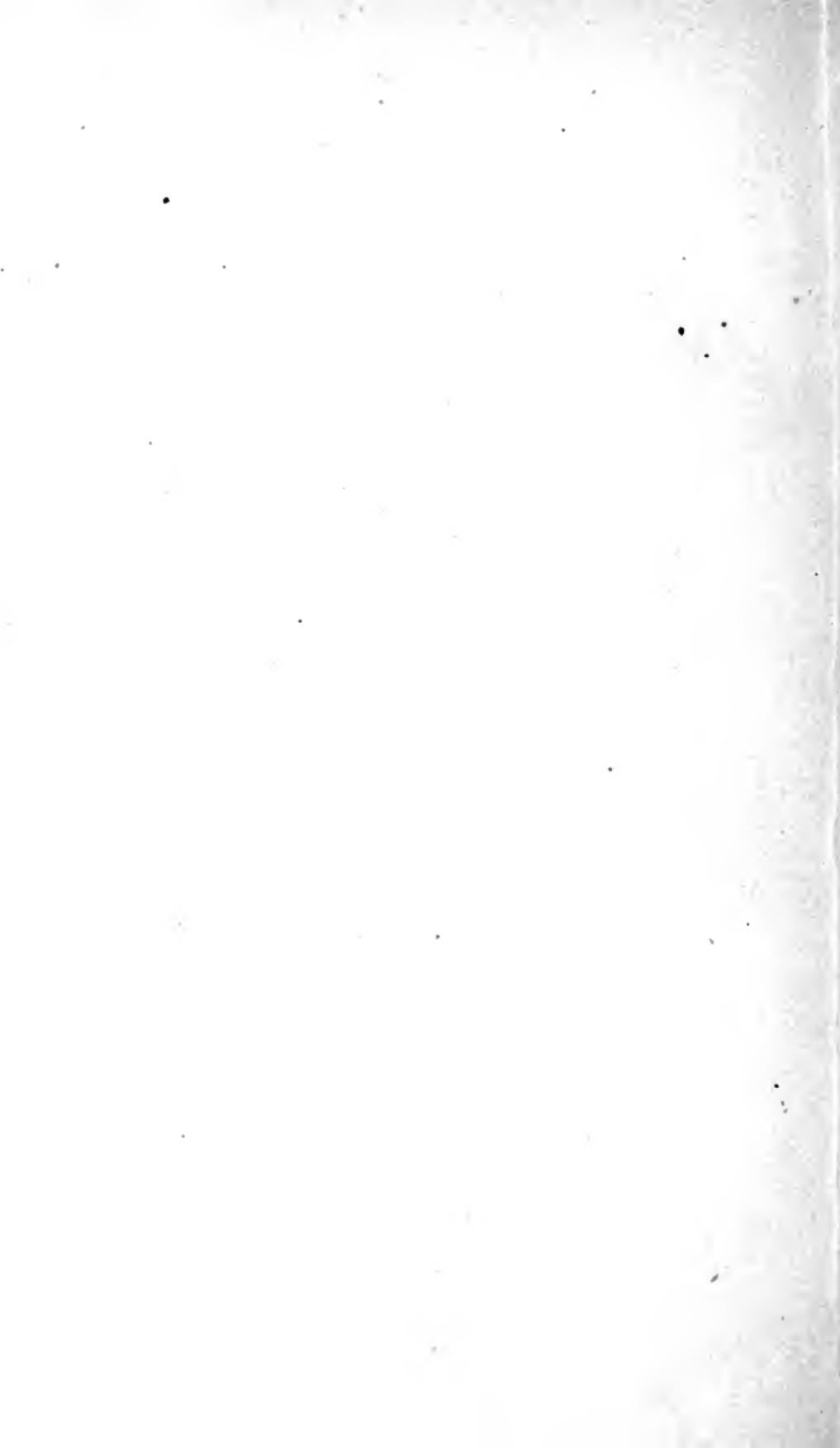
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P O E M S.

ON THE GARDEN GATE.

The little boy on the garden gate

Sings and swings.

He dreameth not of the march of fate,

How the hours will glide, and the heart must wait

For the prize to which it clings.

He thinketh now that his boyhood time

Will ripen soon into manhood's prime,

And honor, and riches, and great renown

May send his name to the ages down.

He gazeth south and he gazeth north,

He swingeth back and he swingeth forth,

And his heart beats high, as the heart of kings,

For his soul is poised on the future's wings.

The little boy on the garden gate

Swings and sings.

He loitereth there till the hour is late,

And his heart grows large with a joy innate,
At life's upwelling springs.
For the gladdening present, the nights and days
Are the stars that guide into happy ways.
He thinks of the flowers and the streams that rise
Under his feet 'neath the glancing skies.
He looketh east and he looketh west,
Till the day has gone to its glorious rest ;
For his soul is dreaming of beautiful things,
And his heart beats high as the heart of kings.

The little boy on the garden gate
Sings and swings.
He will stand not long ; he will cease to wait,
On the outward march of an inward fate,
Or wild imaginings.
He may rise into manhood's lofty pride,
And virtue and beauty his course may guide ;
He may stand as a rock, on the common mart,
He may win his way to the world's great heart ;
He may win his honors and wear his crown,
And the false and the base at his feet lie down.
That is the boy who swings and sings,
On the garden gate, that sings and swings ;
He may stand one day with the best of kings.

THE SINGERS.

When I hear some stirring lyric,
Sung by one whose heart is true,
How the deep full soul of music
Thrills me through and through!
How I bless the mental master
For his working nobly wrought,
For the rich, unfathomed treasure
Of his mine of thought!

Then I know that life hath glory
Higher than these earthly skies,
That its still, unspoken story,
Ends in paradise!

Then I know that frail and mortal,
Are not written on the heart —
Life divine and love eternal
Are its better part.

Theirs may be the anthem lofty,
'Neath the Church's arched dome,
Or the humbler song most tuneful,
Of the halls of home.

All the voices of the singers
Fill me with a thrill of joy —
They are kin unto the angels
In their blest employ !

Theirs may be the solemn dirge-notes,
Breathed where willows wave,
Sung by Hope and Trust, the guardians
Of an open grave !
Passing sweet above all others
In the free air, 'neath the skies,
Is the hope-song for our brothers
That the dead shall rise.

Sing forever, oh, ye singers,
Earth hath need of all your songs ;
Of the joy-crowned and the grieved ones,
Earth hath countless throngs !
Hearts are waiting on your footsteps,
On your voices' sound —
For the life of souls is deepened,
Where your songs abound !

THOMAS STARR KING.

There is a world of light and fadeless glory,
Where love is endless and where souls are crowned,
Where hearts are true, and beauteous is their story,—
And such a realm our friend beloved has found !

There, is the Master whom his soul adored,
There, is the Father unto whom he prayed ;
There, is the rest for which his heart implored,
There, is the laborer and the laborer's shade !

His work is there, the higher ministration —
The worlds are open to his spirit now ;
And Christ's own hands are laid in confirmation,—
The dews immortal lie upon his brow !

Call him not dead ! He still is ours forever,
He standeth yet upon God's holy hill,—
May we with him, When earthly ties shall sever,
Pass to the life immortal, calm and still.

THE WANDERING STARS.

The wandering stars are hastening back —

 Lo ! one by one they come ;
See ! glory's in their shining track,

 Now shout them welcome home !
They've wandered long, in darkness lost,

 Bedewed with fiery rains ;
Give welcomes to our tempest tost,

 On our celestial plains !

The wandering stars are hastening back ;

 They tire of restless change,
They seek a smooth and even track,

 Their new one was so strange.
Give welcome with a right good will,

 To all who cease to roam ;
The Northern stars are brothers still,

 To those who long for home !

The wandering stars are hastening back,

 The old, bright love they see —
The household fires, the beaten track,

 The same ancestral tree.

The same undying, songful streams,
The same glad flowers appear,
The same blue sky, the starry gleams,
The same revolving year.

Then welcome to these wandering stars
Who seek out pathways old ;
Who scorn the flag of sable bars
With scorn most manifold !
“ No North—nor South—nor East—nor West,”
Shall be our rallying tone !
“ One land, one realm by freedom blest,
Where God will keep His own !”

BEETHOEVEN.

Tried, forsaken, lone Beethoeven,
Now the world thy worth hath proven,
 All the world can speak thy praise ;
In the blush of life's bright morning,
Lo ! she turned away in scorning,
 Now she listens to thy lays.

Thou didst sing like one in glory,
Yet how shadowed is thy story
 To the dark and bitter end ;
When the hour of parting neared thee,
Few the living hearts that cheered thee,
 Few who knew thee as their friend.

Still thy wondrous powers were glowing,
Working for the world unknowing,
 Thankless as her voices came ;
Mighty genius could not slumber,
Though a world-host without number
 Sought to quench the burning flame.

Oh, how dreary was thy going
Through the tides of death o'erflowing,
 To thy glad home in the skies,

Only one friend by that river
Where we mortals stand and shiver,
Though it lead to paradise !

And thy voice of earnest speaking,
And thine eye a true friend seeking,
Now in vision on us call ;
When thy lips breathed very slowly
With a spirit meek and holy —
“I have talent, after all.”

Oh, beloved and grand Beethoeven,
In the fires of trial proven,
Time has made thy darkness day ;
In the melodies of singing,
Music from thy soul is ringing,
That shall never pass away.

Surely thou hast found thy station,
From thy wrongs hast found salvation,
Reached the gates of peace sublime ;
Oh, that earth would heed thy story,
Give her sons of genius glory,
While they shine lone stars of time.

OUR HISTORY.

The nation trembles in God's hand,
He bids it fall, he bids it stand,
Both peace and strife work His command.

He weaves the patriot's funeral pall,
He crowns the heroes when they fall,
He is the Guide, the Lord of all.

He searches out the deepest night,
The deed of darkness brings to light,
And moulds it by His Sovereign might!

He sees oppression's deed of wrong,
And hears the proud exultant song,
He will not make it sure nor strong.

Where'er the thought of wrong is nurst,
His unseen hand strikes down at first,
The evil is by Him accurst.

He keeps the firm, the true, the brave,
He gives them victory o'er the grave ;
He smites the fetters from the slave.

He holds the tyrant's heart in scorn ;
Unless it yields, and is new-born,
He leaves it helpless and forlorn.

He loveth freedom ; let him take
Our dearest, for his own dear sake.
He owns the sacrifice we make !

We kneel in our Gethsemane
And say : Let this cup pass from me ;
His strengthening Angel there we see.

Yet by this struggle and this pain,
These hosts that meet ours with disdain,
A nation shall be born again !

Our sainted heroes robed in light
Shall guard our path, though from our sight,
The day seems glooming into night.

Their eyes shall watch us till we bring
To our eternal God and King,
Our freedom's holy offering !

A THOUGHT IN SORROW.

Weep not — the hopes which seem to die,
Are but the seeds of fadeless flowers,
That ripen in a brighter sky
Than in these darkened skies of ours.

Weep not — the world with all its change
Will give us yet some boon to prize,
And lights which now to us are strange,
Will beam with gladness on our eyes.

Hope — Faith — and Love — our vigils still,
While Joy or Grief around us stand ;
We bow unto their sovereign will,
And ever seek the better land.

We seek a rest we have not known,
We toil we pray — and then we wait,
Till some good angel from His throne
Stoops down, and leads us through the gate.

AT REST.

They are at rest, who dreamless sleep
The countless years away ;
They toil no more, they sigh nor weep,
Nor see their hopes decay.

They are at rest, whose light of life
Streams through celestial skies ;
They hear no voice of angry strife,
But love's grand chorus rise.

Nor storm nor tempest shall be known,
Nor clouds obscure their sky ;
They lose no treasures once their own,
And they shall never die.

They are at rest who dreamless sleep,
And yet they seem to rise
Like angel guards, their watch to keep,
Where our life's pathway lies.

We need them all ; for they are ours,
Though they above us shine,
And daily use their unseen powers,
Our ministers divine.

Our souls are linked by golden chains ;
Our hearts are true e'er more,
Our father's house hath large domains,
Behold the open door !

THE OCEAN AND LAND TELEGRAPH.

O the glory of to-day !—
That will shine in Time alway ;
Power of deed, and bliss of thought,
By the human soul enwrought.

Words above us sounded be,
Words beneath us in the sea,
And the isles their beauty draw
From one great, mysterious law.

Daily more and more unfold,
Gates of glory, gates of gold !
Daily, heights and depths are known,
Once we durst not call our own.

Thought is boundless, thought is free,
Under and above the sea !
Sounding deep in ocean caves,
Surging in unnumbered waves.

Thought is whispered round the earth,
In her day of second birth —

Coming nearer to the goal,
In the grand world of the soul.

O, ye Ages, bring your toil,
Bring your triumphs, bring your spoil,
Bring your trophies new and vast ;
Bless your present and your past.

Bless the thinkers, on your way,
Who have wrought this triumph day ;
Who have turned their thought to deed,
Answered well our day's true need.

Though the thinkers long may stand,
On some far unwelcome strand,
Longing for their being's prime,
They shall see their promised time.

Speak, O voice of Love and Peace,
Bid the trump of war to cease —
For its muffled tone-beat, bring
Hearts that throb and hearts that sing.

Speak, O Land, and chant, O Sea,
Our sweet anthem of the free !
Power of deed and bliss of thought,
In this work that man hath wrought.

NO SONG FOR WAR.

No more, no more, a song for war ;
The land hath known her share of strife ;
What do we hate each other for ?
Why desolate the field of life ?
Why seek by blood that quick release
Which cometh through the gate of Peace ?
Oh ! shame on those who fain would gain
One seeming good by War's dread reign.

What wrong is suffered but hath known
One hour its selfhood to dethrone ?
Some moment ever lives, when we
May bid the great wrong cease to be ;
And by the fitting course of things,
The right and true triumphant springs.
Oh ! shame on those who fain would gain
One seeming good by War's dread reign.

The North, the South, the East, the West,
By mutual ties are blent and blest ;
And all in every pain must share —
In every joy, or grief, or care ;
Whate'er the wrong, all bear a part,
For one is our great Nation's heart.
Oh ! shame on those who fain would gain
One seeming good by War's dread reign.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, ye bells, from all your towers,
And chime for time's receding hours.
'Tis holy time ! — the Bethlehem star
Is radient now, anear and far —
The hallowed joy around is shed,
Where angel hosts are earthward led !
A song of Peace — to men good will,
And then that heavenly choir is still.
Ring out, ring in, O Christmas bells,
The day which God's true Prophet tells ;
Bring here, O pilgrim, tried by time,
A life most holy and sublime.
For this Judean deserts sang,
For this the choral anthem rang,
And all the ages take their song
And bear its blessed notes along ;
And yet 'twill bear, while time shall be,
The deathless anthem of the free !
For Earth's full heart with rapture swells,
To hear the chimes of Christmas bells !

THE POETS.

They wait, the patient toilers wait,—
The toilers of the mind ;
They stand at Fame's beleaguered gate
Till Fame to them is kind.

But who are these who toil on earth ?
Who send their thoughts abroad ?
Who prove their own celestial birth
A heritage from God ?

Dwell they in lordly palace hall,
In regal pomp and pride ?
Hear they the spirit's inmost call,
Where thought is deified ?

Not there ; the mountains have no place
Nor outward throne for them.
The valley's shade, the spirit's grace,
Their shield and diadem !

They walk through earth with want and pain,
Companions all the way,
The inward kingdom is their gain,
The inward light, their day !

They see the mean in places high ;
They see the high brought low ;
How wealth and rank and power may vie
With mind's far richer glow.

They toil, they wait,— in sorrow wait ;
They hear no answering cry ;
They famish close by Plenty's gate ;
They struggle and they die !

Then from the earth, once stern and cold,
There comes one voice of praise,
The poet's verse is new, not old ;
It fills immortal days.

Enwreathe his grave with fairest flowers ;
There let the marble gleam ;
Tell Art and Time with all your powers
The beauty of his dream !

There read the song that' once was dark
With night of human ill,
Which knew no shining eye to mark
The place his name should fill !

Wake by the lofty singer's grave
New thought, for genius born,
And call that spirit true and brave ;
It braved the world's rude scorn !

And as the poet's hymn shall rise
Within your bright abode,
Think of the black, ungenial skies
That marked that singer's road !

He stood on mental heights for you ;
For you his life-long prayer ;
Baptized in grief's unwelcome dew,
He breathed in pensive air.

He makes you rich in mind to-day ;
New worlds in beauty spring
Where erst the old held potent sway,
Till you can speak and sing.

Though built on thought, life blent with life ;
This is the law of heaven ;
God's prophets come, though days of strife
Are with their coming given !

They speak to us, and we to them ;
They hear our answering tones,
Behold the diamond and the gem
In valleys as on thrones.

For poets are God's prophets still,
Whate'er their spirit clime ;
No outward good can reach their meed,
Nor life be too sublime !

BISHOP RANDALL.

Well may the faithful take their life-won crown,
And go with joy to hear their Lord's " well done ; "
Their armor bright, in sacred dust lay down,
To rest when day is gone.
When day is gone ! Day *never* wanes for them
Who view, by faith, the Star of Bethlehem !

Our friend was faithful to the glorious end,—
Let memory now his precious name enshrine.
To live is blest, when all our heart-aims tend
To works that are divine !
True hearts are His ; his new life-sphere is where
There is no death nor any shade of care !

HYMN TO THE CONQUERER.

Clothed with the light and the grace of a hero,
Forth goes the brave to the battle of life ;
He shall be conqueror, though time were a Nero,
He shall be Master of masterly strife.

Clothed in the armor that never decayeth,
Vested with strength enobling — divine,
Soul, in life's war-land, the Mighty One stayeth
Thee, with the glory that ever is thine !

Where is the way His light hath not entered ?
Where is the valley by Him left alone ?
Where is the teacher whose voice hath not uttered
The value the True One hath marked on His own ?

Soul of the faithful, doubt not the morrow,
He who hath blest thee with shade and with sun,
Looks with His eye on the night of thy sorrow,
Looks on the life-race that grandly is run !

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

Beautiful days of the Autumn hours
Marking the flight of the dying year ;
Shedding their light on the fading flowers,
Raying with glory the prone leaves sere.
Oh ! how they speak with a living voice,
Bidding the soul in her might rejoice ;
Gladening the heart in the midst of bloom,
Fading and shrinking away to the tomb.

Beautiful days, when the blossoms fall
Into the dust, in the silence given ;
Breathing a charm and a hymn for all,
Who see in her shading some hue of Heaven.
Then the long past as a vision comes,
Greeting our hearts and blessing our homes ;
And the life and the beauty that blesses the eye,
Speaks of a summer that never shall die.

Beautiful days of the Autumn time,
Prophets are ye of an hour of bloom ;
When the life within us shall arise sublime,
And the song of our freedom shall sound o'er
our tomb ;
When the hopes that have perished shall bud in the
Spring,
And the faith that we cherished shall gladden her
wing ;
When the soul shall grow hoary, and peaceful and
wise,
And our wonderful being shall soar to the skies.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

(Sunday, 1865.)

O Thou by whom the years are born,
The moments come and go,
We thank thee for this full-orbed morn,
Enwreathed with winter's snow !

We thank thee for the gliding feet
That press our household floors,
And the dear delights we meet
Within our cottage-doors !

We thank thee that this day of rest
Hath rung the New Year's chime,
And all the peace that fills our breast
At this thrice holy time.

For we have heard the Christmas hymn
Fall on our listening ear,
As through the valleys, deep and dim,
Hath passed the dying year.

We thank thee for the living brave,
Who faced the nation's foes,
For all the flowers of love that wave
Where heroes dead repose !

We thank thee for the chimes of peace,
By faithful patriots rung ;
Bring near the day of sweet release,
By thine own angels sung.

The year is thine, O God most high !
Thou art its Lord alone ;
Bid freedom live, oppression die,
Give Liberty her own !

DEEP AND STILL.

Deep and still, deep and still,
Is the working of God's will,
When it doth our spirits fill !

When His shining countenance,
Answers to our upward glance,
How faith's footsteps all advance !

Into soundless depths we go,
From great joy to utter woe ;
Everywhere His lifetides flow !

Where the paths of glory rise,
By the life of sacrifice
We regain our paradise !

Now the soul all dark within,
Leaves its world of strife and sin,
Heavenward looking, entereth in !

Now the heart weeps o'er the lost,
Tried, bereft and tempest tost,
Till the stormy sea be crossed !

Now some memory of the heart,
Plunges there its barbed dart,
Till the still voice breathes "depart."

Then a tranquil holy peace,
Bids the vengeful tempest cease,
And the silent calm increase !

Not by voice on Sinai spoke,
Is the spell of sadness broke,
Nor the spirit's galling yoke !

Not by lightning's vivid fire,
Not by days of judgment dire,
Bids he earthliness expire !

But the pathways of his grace,
In the silences, we trace,—
There we meet him face to face !

THE FESTIVE DAYS.

When the festive days are past,
Memory still will linger there ;
Thinking of the pleasures vast
In our life-fields everywhere :
For we may not live or move,
But some joy shall yet abound,
Some dear heart shall call for love,
Some sweet voice to ours resound ;
And its echoes, tender, true,
In our deepest heart shall fall,
We shall bless the hour, that knew,
Hallowed days and gifts for all.

When the festive days are past,
Let us gather grains of gold,
From those mines unfathomed vast,
Hearts and hands have never told.

Countless thoughts, outspoken words,
 Hidden in the soul's recess,
Waiting for new spirit chords
 Yet to answer and to bless.
Let the brotherhood within
 Manifest its living power ;
So shall we life's victories win,
 Day by day, and hour by hour.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Blest be our poet's gentle sleep,
Whose soul is now to glory born ;
Whose heart condoled with sorrow deep,
And sang with joy's celestial morn ;
Who touched her spirit's lyric chords
To gentle thoughts and loving words !

Her heart inspired by living fire,
Sang ever to the good and true.
She glorified each grand desire
With Heaven's baptismal dew —
While here and there out-breathes a tone
A Hemans well might seek to own.

She stood so meekly in the crowd
Who gathered where her shadow came,

So calm and humble, when the proud
Grew eloquent to speak her fame !
She prized far more our heavenly birth,
Than all the praises of the earth.

Oh ! matchless gift, to live in hearts,
To feel that we can never die,
To know the true life ne'er departs,
But that the spirit, ever nigh,
Is hovering in the Heaven above —
A guardian angel, full of love.

Then blessed be our poet's sleep ;
"Tis " Past Meridian " with her now —
With holy reverance strong and deep,
Enwreath the cypress round her brow ;
A Nation's loving heart, in vain
May seek to find her like again !

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

His birthday is our Nation's pride ;

His memory lives while we adore
The Providence that made him rise

And shine, our glory-star, forevermore !
Let us this day at Freedom's Temple wait
And linger there, and sacred keep its gate ;
For he is speaking from his own bright skies,
To cheer our hearts for this day's sacrifice.

We live in stirring times — we must not stay

Where traitors, spelbound, crouch, to wrong ;
The night has passed — we welcome in the day ;

We sing no dirge — we chant a triumph song.
Our Washington is here — his spirit still
Is urging us to do, to dare, to will ;
Upon our dead a nation's welfare lies,
If we are true to this day's sacrifice.

We live forever ! we shall rise again ;
The trump of war shall cease and we shall rest,
In beauty rest in freedom's wide domain ;
Chains shall be broken, and no heart, unblest,
Shall touch our hearts with pain — an open way
To guide our wanderers unto perfect day ;
Unites our life, our hearts, our aims, in one
Unfailing tribute to our WASHINGTON !

THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

" We bless Thee for all thy servants departed in thy faith and fear."—*Common Prayer.*

For all who died in holy faith,
The brave, the good, the true ;
For all their life's full record saith,—
Give God the glory due !

Not pain, nor scorn, nor sordid gold
Could turn their steps aside ;
No robber steal them from the Fold,
Since Christ their Master died.

They counted not their life-lease dear,
If they His Crown might win
Who bore our griefs and burdens here,
To save the race from sin !

No monster's rack, no fiery flame,
No tyrant's fearful frown,
Could make them curse the Saviour's name,
Nor lay their armor down !

Through perils on the waters deep,
With brethren false and blind,
They would not let devotion sleep,
Nor deem their Lord unkind !

Through every scene of stormy rage
They saw the glory there !
And sealed their blood-bought heritage,
With blessing and with prayer !

They closed their eyes in martyr-death,
And from their ashes rose
A new and ceaseless living breath,
That knew no long repose !

And thus they live, and brightly glow,
Like flames of fadeless fire ;
While ages come, and ages go,
Their lives will not expire.

And now we bless Thee O our God !
For all who died in Thee ;
The shining lights they shed abroad,
On Time's remotest sea !

Give us their faith, give us their heart,
Though dark our earth-ways be !
Help us to act our destined part
To love and work for Thee !

CHARLES SUMNER.

Call not this honored man as one
Dead to the world, for that can never be;
Nations will live, and ages still pass on;
His name will gleam, as gleams a crystal sea;
True to himself, to highest manhood true;
Give to him now the meed that is his due.

Breathe forth his name, when men, too weak in soul,
Stand not upright. To bid the best cause win,
Breathe forth his name, and write it on the goal
That we would reach, above Earth's wrong and sin!
Then shall his memory be a watchword strong!
Then shall his deeds become our triumph song!

ANGELS GUARD THE SAINTED DEAD.

Angels guard the sainted dead,
Let them rest from toil and care ;
With the blue sky overhead,
And the breath of God's free air.
Let them rest where light and shade,
And life's changes come and go ;
They have seen its visions fade,
They have left its pomp and show.

Angels guard the sainted dead !
Not alone from heavenly skies,
But the souls they comforted
In this world of sacrifice.
Grateful hands plant willows there,
Buds that springtime gave shall bloom,
And the summer noontide fair
Glorifies their peaceful tomb.

Angels guard the sainted dead !
Memory loves to view the spot

Where their living presence shed
 Blessings on our earthly lot ;
Then the graves wherein they rest,
 Shall no more the spirit view ;
From the mansions of the blest
 Gleam the faces old and true.

Angels guard the sainted dead !
 This the voice that sounds for aye,
When our tears of grief are shed
 O'er earth's loved ones passed away :
This with time nor change departs ;
 Blest the dying with their Lord,
Blest are they who leave on hearts
 Love's eternal written word.

Angels guard the sainted dead !
 Then the deep Cimerian glooms
Cannot fill our souls with dread—
 There are watchers round our tombs,
And they beckon us to come,
 When the chilling death-wind blows ;
When we make our journey home,
 They will guard our sweet repose.

A HYMN OF LIFE.

What is grander than the soul,
Or its ages as they roll ?
What is like the life of thought ?
Bid it die and we are nought.

What is richer than a word
From a true hearts life-depths stirred ?
What is sweeter than a song,
Making spirits free and strong ?

What is purer than the air
Giving light to roses fair ?
Brighter colors every day
To the blooms that fade away.

What is better than the hour
When we know our spirits power ?
Higher raise our thought and deed
Looking for our Heavenly meed.

What is better ? We have trod
Pathways to the love of God !
Love, that gave their being birth,
Love, the crown of all the earth.

He who liveth here in love
Liveth in the Heaven above ;
He that loveth not is dead,
Though his life-spark be not fled !

AGE OF SINGING.

Glorious songs the Age is singing,
Freedom bells their chimes are ringing —
Ringing for the abject races,
In oppression's foulest places.

Man hath learned the hidden meaning
Of this being and this seeming,
He hath heard the world's choir singing,
And the bells of freedom ringing.

In his soul-recesses lying,
There is waked a voice undying —
Lifting hearts whose great endeavor
Girds the ever and forever !

Up through long and tedious marchings,
With their varient life-sky archings,
With the destinies impending,
March, O soul, the march unending !

Skies shall lower, and skies shall brighten,
Clouds will gloom, and light will lighten,
Wondrous still thy voiceless story,
Through the shadow, to the glory !

Age of real and dire commotion,
Heaving, surging like an ocean,
Keep thy bells of Freedom ringing,
Till the earth is full of singing !

FAITHFUL HOMES.

Our earthly homes are full of joy and gladness,
Our friendships there like burning stars arise,
And we are one in every hour of sadness ;
We stand together 'neath the changeful skies ;
We cannot part, though dark the way around us,
We're one in heart, for many ties have bound us.

We stand together when our hearts, adoring,
Lift up their voices to the Heaven above,
When at God's throne we cast our eye imploring
For deeper trust in the immortal love ;
We cannot part, though clouds may lower above us,
Heart clings to heart, we know the souls that love us.

Seas may divirge our paths — yet time nor distance
Hold not the power to bid our souls estrange ;

In love's deep strength there is a bold resistance
To that dread power that bids the true heart change,
We are the same, our households severing never,
We link our hearts in one, forever and forever.

So shall our homes become the blessed portal
Of those dear mansions, where we long to dwell;
Begin we *here* the life and love immortal,
Begin we *here* eternal joys to tell;
We cannot part, for earthly storms have tried us,
We're one in heart, and who shall then divide us?

A SUMMER SONG.

The summer flowers must fade and die
The summer skies must change their hues,
The streams be closed, that murmur by
The walks of earth, our footsteps choose.

Nature is proud of varied things,
She nurtures all that fills her range,
She cultures fountains, mountains, springs,
She courts the wierd, sublime and strange.

Nature is prodigal of bliss,
She breathes out fragrance on the air,
She thrills the human heart, and this
Seems first her kind maternal care.

Nature is tender in her moods,
When soft winds fan the vales below;
And tender in the solitudes
Where souls reflective haste to go.

The earth is voiceful to the heart
The while it glows with dewy green ;
The very dust doth feel its part
Of honor in the various scene.

The trees are full of singing birds,
That hymn aloud creation's praise ;
The air itself is full of words,
And songs, and sweet, melodious lays.

From nature to the soul again,
Let us in calm reflection go ;
And feel within the stress and strain
Of tides that from our being flow.

There the divine asserts its sway ;
The low, the base degrades the soul,
The high, the pure leads on to day,
Where rivers of redemption roll.

Go down, O man, to self within,
Behold ! What glorious gifts are thine !
What conquests over death and sin ;
What mansions in the Heart Divine !

Thy nature gleams and burns with light,
That soon or late will shine on high,
Where angel forms are clothed with might,
And hearts made pure shall never die !

O that our lives were like the chords
Of perfect harps, all tuned and strung !
Then we should utter perfect words,
And keep our hearts forever young !

For this the sky, the stream, the tree,
Seem filled with the profoundest praise,
For this grand nature seems to be
Our teacher, in her silent ways.

EZRA STILES GANNETT, D. D.

Break not the calmness of his sleep,
Fond memory, stillness is thine own ;
The guardian angels now shall keep
God's risen servant at His throne.

Not yet the grieving hearts should speak,
Let Time a little longer roll ;
The powers of thought are far too weak
To tell his eloquence of soul.

For time must deepen every thought
Which bids that loving face to shine,
And his dear image will be fraught
With light, and life, and deeds divine.

The grave is not his fadeless rest,
He sees the throne where seraphs bow ;
Immortal voices call him blest,
Eternal glories crown him now.

OUR FRIEND FOURSORE.

When the brow of age is beauteous
With the light of Virtue's star,
There is joy and peace eternal,
There is youth no age can mar.

Trembling steps and form are then
Tokens of a home near by ;
He shall cross its threshold when
His appointed days shall fly.

Do not call our good friend old,
Words of joy leap from his tongue ;
For his life is manifold,
And the signs that he is young.

He can smile for gladness yet,
He can speak the mirthful word ;
And his heart doth not forget
What his chilhood knew and heard.

He can see his boyhood's days,
He can see the village school ;
See his groves and childish plays,
In the forests deep and cool.

He can see the running streams,
And the willows bending low ;
See the mild but radiant beams
Of the moonlight come and go.

Thinks he of his childhood's tears ?
Of the darkness and the light ?
Thinks he of his vanished years,
In the visions of the night ?

Voices of his manhood's prime,
Chimes of happy marriage bells ;
Voices of his happiest time,
Greet him with their sweet farewells.

Voices from the homestead ring,
Where the fires once blazed so bright ;
Where his household used to sing,
When the hearthstone glowed with light.

Forms his heart and youth enshrined,
In their glory now appear ;
Never lost to heart or mind,
Are his friendships old and dear.

He is witness more and more,
Of our nature's power to bear ;
Witness, is our friend fourscore,
Of the joys that lighten care.

He is more with glory crowned
Than are kings, with lands and gold ;
For his youth again is found,
And he never will grow old !

EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D.

In heart-love and in holy prayer,
Where may a soul like his be found ?
And words like his to soothe our care ?
To bid us stay on hallowed ground ?
And faith in God, that never dies !
And faith in Christ's own Sacrifice !

In Prayer he seemed to take us up
To Heaven itself. His heart seemed filled
With life's pure stream. He took the cup
His Saviour gave, and drank ; his fears were
stilled.
This life was glad to him, because his Lord,
Sang through his soul in every tuneful chord.

THE SLEEP OF HIS BELOVED.

“ He giveth His beloved sleep,”
The ages give them perfect rest !
Our tearful eyes need never weep
For his beloved when they are blest !

Blest with a peace that never dies,
The glorified have ceased to weep
Their song of triumph, hear it rise !
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

On loftiest heights in heaven’s glow,
From valley and from mountain steep,
The same sweet tides of music flow,
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

At eventide, when silence reigns
On all the earth in glory deep,
A voice breathes in angelic strains,—
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Beside the graves of friends we love,
Where holy hearts ne'er fail to weep,
This sentence whispers from above,—
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

THEY ARE WITH US.

They are with us who have fled,
Thus will I be comforted.

Viewless though my kindred be,
Where they are, they think of me.

Somewhere in the realm of souls,
Love's great ocean toward me rolls;
Somewhere, though my faith must see,
Spirit friends are kind to me.

As a presence, they are here,
Witness to the smile or tear.

Witness that my way is crowned
By a love that knows no bound.

So my spirit talks with them ;
They have won life's diadem ;
Satisfied to know that they
Are the angels round my way.

When the love that gave us birth
Calls me from this changeful earth,
Fadeless shall that rich love be,
In the souls restored to me.

BENJAMIN TYLER REED.

Strong in his love for high and Churchly thought,
With princely gifts, that thought, by him endowed,
Will brightly glow ! The life-work he has wrought,
Years will impress ; dispersing many a cloud
From Error's night. Hearts will go out to him
In sacred love, till life's last day is dim.
Now shall he live in earnest minds and souls,
Who run, on earth, their race for heavenly goals —
Toilers divine, who work for hallowed ends ;
These are Earth's best, Earth's truest, dearest friends !

DEPARTED YEARS!

Departed years ! ye march in time,
With steps set for the eternal shore,
And promise of that Eden's prime,
Where life is life forevermore ;
Where all are strangers to decay,
And hope smiles not to glide away !

Mine eyes have seen the light and shade
Which over life each day hath spread ;
And I have heard where pierced ones prayed
For quick relief among their dead !
Where they have wept for all their slain,
That they might live and love again.

O, as these bells of Christmas chime,
And thou departest, dying year,

The *Child* of Hope, in this due time,
Reborn, shall bring his presence here ;
And Faith and Peace our sky shall gem,
For his Judea and Bethlehem.

And when our latest chimes have rung,
And we go hence to find that shore
Of which all holy bards have sung,
O, blessed years, dawn there once more ;
For then the friendships ye have given
Shall quicken all our joy of heaven.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

The present hour is full of thought,
And full of noble deed ;
The beautiful and true enwrought,
Soon find their highest meed ;
But in the glory of the Now,
Its light around us cast,
We know that two great worlds are made,
The present and the past.

Upon the parted years we stand,
As on some mountain's crest
And see beneath the valley land
That once we called our rest.
From youth to manhood's springtide hour
We trace relations vast ;
A gathered strength — a glorious power
The present and the past.

We look on ruins old and gray,
Some tower of time laid low,
And then we hear the ages say,
We justly come and go ;
We rear our temples fair and high,
No age before surpassed !
Oh, tell us which of these may die,
The present or the past.

Oh, builders of yon stately towers,
Ye boast the present time,
Ye give unto her flying hours,
Your anthem and your rhyme ;
Be thankful while the moments speed,
In circuits grand and vast,
That ours are gifts from heaven indeed,
The present and the past.

BARON STOW, D. D.

Translated with the dying year
To Heaven's serene unclouded sphere,
Why should we say "He is not here."

It seems to me, they do not die,
Who vanish from the mortal eye,
The sons of God are always nigh.

Their living presence is not fled
Though we may call them now our dead,
They are our *Life-Stars* overhead !

Each gleam of beauty they have given,
Unfolds the ever glorious Heaven !

Each gentle voicing in our ear,
Hath made their souls forever dear,
So that we feel their presence near !

And memory oft will show his face,
Incarnate with a heavenly grace,
In many a chosen dwelling place !

Love gave to him a blessed dower,
Love gave him all his secret power.

He in a charmed circle moved ;
We knew him as the well beloved.

Then weep we not ; the preacher true,
Who gave us truths his spirit knew,
Hath seen them now in cloudless view !

Let us rejoice that he doth know,
The full immortal, lifetime's glow.

For he who clung around the cross
Of Christ, we *know* hath met no loss..

There is no night, nor darkness dim,
For those who sleep and rest in Him !

THE TIDES OF LIFE.

These surging life-tides how they flow,
In crowded streets, in busy marts !

Here Mammon wanders to and fro
To seize and hold the human hearts.
O voice of strife, O greed for gold,
When may your histories all be told ?

In souls that hide their deepest woes,
Through hands that strangely grasp the prize,
Behold the dreamy vision goes,
To rise and fall before our eyes.
To-day a gleaming, brilliant light;
To-morrow, darkness death and night !

Yet who would hard-earned wealth despise,
Or honest fortune's lap of gold ?

For riches lend to mortal eyes
A crown of glory manifold ;
No temple in its beauty stands
But wealth upreared it with her hands.

Yea Life itself waits at her gates ;
Essential food and raiment tell ;
And those who scorn her true estate
Will surely sink to penury's hell ;
And this is why the poor have fled
Sometimes, to meet their kindred dead.

Still holy Hope looks far beyond
These life-tides in their rise and fall ;
Faith smiles on us when we despond,
And points to glories made for all ;
And O that all were truly wise
To build their mansions in the skies !

“GRANT US THY PEACE.”

Grant us thy peace O Lord of all !
This inmost strife is hard to bear ;
We stand, we soar, and then we fall,
Our joys, our griefs are turned to prayer ;
No thought no deed but stirs some power
That bids the night through day to lower.
We find no rest ; our feet must go
When thou dost call, come joy or woe ;
In vain we bid our sorrows cease ;
Grant us, O Lord, thy boon of peace !

Within the war-note's dire alarm,
Within the dark unrest is known,
There dwell the hosts of foes that harm,
That keep us from the conqueror's throne.
What towers of strength those foemen hold !

What mines of purest spirit-gold !
Send thou some angel, stronger still,
And ours shall be thy sovereign will.
In our submission, is release ;
Grant us, O Lord, thy perfect peace.

Grant us thy peace ! then earthly things
Shall work our blessedness alone,—
And we may quaff those living springs
Which we now long to call our own.
Our prayer, our praise, for aye the same,
Is blessed with thy most holy name !
Life's struggling tides shall never cease ;
Grant us, O Lord, thy perfect peace !

OUR PERFECT DAYS.

Fairer than our fairest gaze,
Are the visioned, fadeless realms ;
We have looked on perfect days,
As creation's diadems.

Perfect days give out such light,
We can in our souls read well
What is given to inner sight —
Where the grand perceptions dwell.

Hope and Faith on perfect days,
Seem to show new glories here ;
And our souls are filled with praise,
That the open Heaven is near.

Then the full heart of old Time
Is o'erflowing in its store,
And we know our day sublime
Comes to stay forevermore !

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

The sacred heart of silence keeps
The richest treasures of our dead ;
There is a star whose radiance shines
On them in beauty's deepening lines,—
A star of Hope ; and we are led
By that unto a heavenly plain,
Where angels sing. Each music strain
Makes life and love grow pure again.

The bells have tolled for one whose heart
Bespoke itself in deed and truth !
It spoke in works that ne'er depart,
And told its own immortal youth ;
And in rich memories shining forth
From East and West, and South and North,
The soldier will pronounce her name
With reverence. For we proudly claim
Such names as hers, the land to crown,
And send them to the ages down.

THE WORLD ABOVE US.

The bending skies above are blue,
And the horizon gleams with stars!
The days are born from thence anew,
And worlds are in night's silvered bars.

There mountains, hills, and vales arise,
To the great seers that look within ;
While each eternal mansion lies
Afar from this world's death and din.

There oceans in full grandeur roll,
And rivers in their beauty glide ;
The sweet voiced singers of the soul
With music's chorus charm the tide !

And there the city of our God,
With pearly gates and golden floors,
Sends light and glory all abroad —
Stands night and day with open doors.

World upon world and light on light,
Star upon star sends forth its glow,
While coursing glories, pure and bright,
Like eddying currents come and go.

What hearts, what souls are radient there !
What lives sublime in courses run !
What blessed toil, what hallowed care,
Where work celestial is begun !

More worlds than one ! In every realm
There must be life that hath a voice ;
For life is being's diadem,
And God doth in his works rejoice.

THOMAS BULFINCH.

This is not death. 'Tis pleasant sleep.
O why should we who love him weep ?
This frame may sink back to the sod,
The soul has risen to its God !

How beautiful these features are !
And radiant as some morning star,
That from the east its light has shed
To tell the gloom of night has fled.

How beautiful his life has been,—
So free from touch and deed of *sin* ;
How beautiful the soul-lit smile
That lingers on these lips the while !

How beautiful his presence seemed,
The true ideal we have dreamed
A human life perchance might be,
Though tossed on Time's tempestuous sea.

How fitting are these hymns and prayers,
That speak his rest from mortal cares ;
For he has passed the valley dim,
And sung e'er this the triumph hymn.

One look,—the last we give him here ;
Yet in the spirit's gathering sphere,
In worlds where not one dear life dies,
Our risen friend shall meet our eyes !

A SUMMER'S RHYME.

Where is glory ever living,
To the earth forever giving,
More than heart or word can tell —
See it in the forest dell.

Where are hues whose brilliant showing,
Far outshine the diamond's glowing ?
See them in the lights that rise,
In the near and distant skies.

Where is beauty's soul displayed,
If not in the welcome shade,
And the roses and the flowers,
And the sunshine of the hours ?

Where are songs most dear and sweet,
And the sound of tripping feet ?
Ask the evening shade that falls,
Ask in pleasures festive halls.

Where are Faith, and Hope, and Love ?
Ask the shining heaven above ;
Where the joys that ne'er depart ?
Ask the trusting human heart.

Seek and find in Nature's fane,
Where her joys supremest reign ;
In the garden, in the bower,
In the sunshine, in the shower.

Overhead are arching skies,
Underneath a carpet lies ;
Walls of azure, up and down,
And the trees, like pillars, crown.

Vain is all the seeker's art,
If he loses faith and heart,
Nature's ages onward roll,
Only for an open soul.

AMONG THE ROSES.

We walk among the roses
In summer gardens fair,
Her blooms are all around us,
Her perfumes sweet and rare.
The skies with smiles are lighted,
The winds their fine harps play ;
Who calls this earth the blighted ?
Behold its perfect day !

We walk among the roses
Where rushing streamlets run,
When life in its young glory,
Is summer time, begun !
What joy is wrought within us,
What beauty finds its way,
To every spirit seeking
A life without decay !

We walk among the roses,
Where nature's light is made
The welcome of the morning —
The welcome of the shade !
Her choral anthems ringing,
In vain we tune to words,
We leave her voice of singing
To all the tuneful birds.

We walk among the roses
In summer gardens fair,
We bless the skies above us,
We bless the cool, soft air.
Oh, let us keep in blossom,
These gardens fair of ours,
And bring the heart of summer
To all our spirit bowers.

VOICES OF THE DAYS.

I hear the voices of the days

Come whispering through the silent night:

“ Where hast thou led thy spirit’s ways,

Since brightly shone the morning light ?

“ Where were thy footsteps longest seen ?

To whom thy hand of friendship given ?

To whom hast thou a presence been,

A light whose radiance led to heaven ?

“ What word for truth, what deed for love

Has from thy being sent its glow ?

What soul uplifted far above

The waves of grief, is thine to show ?

“ What hallowed thought of duty kept,

What gift of faith what soul of prayer ?

What evil passion hast thou swept

Out from thy soul, that tried thee there ?”

I hear the voices ! Ere I sleep,
How they rebuke and give me pain !
They tell me how I sow and reap,
And garner up life's golden grain.

'Tis here and there a little gold ;
A little gain, or wondrous loss ;
My inward life is manifold,
Where is my crown to bless my cross ?

WE MAY NOT TELL.

We may not tell what hidden power,
Lies in the present living hour,
Nor how the words therein we speak
May keep the strong, and soothe the weak ;
Nor how our deeds have might to thrall,
Or bless the mightiest of us all.
How smiles of love, or flashing scorn,
Bring daylight's gleams, or evening's on ;
How smallest look of ours may lift,
Or send a soul, out sea, adrift !
May give affliction's tides to swell,
Or lands of peace wherein to dwell !
We may not tell, we may not tell !

We may not tell, what one true heart,
Of life, of beauty, may impart
To Freedom's course, when to its foes
The ranks of holy patriots close ;
When voice and arm as one combine,
To fix the Right's embattled line.

To swear allegiance to the land
Of mountains high, and valleys grand ;
To vow that by her dower of right,
Her stars shall never set in night !
Though heroes die, and dirges swell,
How bright their names in ages dwell,
We may not tell, we may not tell !

We may not tell what lowly cot,
One life hath made a hallowed spot !
What virtue from some poor unknown,
Hath lifted weakness to a throne !
What prayer of meekest soul hath done
To help a true life's victory on !
What faith hath saved us in that hour
When hope and trust seemed not its dower ;
When far above, the darkened skies
Were like a midnight to our eyes !
Oh ! let this thought within us dwell,
And bind life's Ages with its spell !
We may not tell, we may not tell !

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(In War time.)

Give thanks ; the corn and wine are still
Our portion as of yore ;
The harvest sheaves our garners fill,
With plenty's welcome store !

The generous seasons well have done
Their Heaven appointed part !
The flowers have bloomed beneath the sun,
And gladness filled our heart.

The skies have looked serenely down
Upon our furrowed soil ;
Storms have broken the cloud's dark frown ;
Success hath crowned our toil !

Give thanks around the festive board ;
Bring there the truest cheer ;
There be the Nation's God implored,
To bless the closing year

What though we miss some friend of old —
His presence cease to view,
Now let our thanks be manifold ;
The endless life is true !

What though the battle rages on ;
And noble heroes fall ;
Give thanks ! our Freedom is not gone ;
She stands and crowns us all.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE.

A Soldier's last words on the battle-field, were : "Cling to the dear old Flag;—Cling to the cross of Christ."

Soldier lay thee calmly down,
In the fierce strife with the strong,
Winning at the last thy crown,
Sing thy triumph song.

Well hast thou two battles fought,
One without, and one within ;
Well thy life-work hath been wrought,
Let thy rest begin.

Toilsome marches thou hast seen,
Want and woe full oft been thine ;
Yet thy heart was all serene,
And thy faith divine.

Every deed which thou hast given,
Every power that thou hast shown,
Deepens now our trust in heaven,
Leads us near the throne.

But the words which at the last,
Breathed the fulness of thy soul,
Never will be lost or passed,
While the ages roll.

“Cling unto the dear old flag;”
“To the cross of Christ still cling;”
Memory, with those blessed words,
Is a sacred thing.

Favored Nation! speak the praise
Of that God, who from the dust,
Lifts the fallen hero’s gaze,
To the mount of trust.

Linger there by faith and prayer,
Watch till shadows flee away,
Till the sweet and balmy air
Speaks the dawning day!

THE CONQUEROR OF ALL.

Let all who choose, spurn hallowed thought,
And only delve in earthly soil ;
There is a life with glory fraught,
A grandeur in all mental toil.
The man who lifts with brawny hands,
The hidden ores from mine and sod,
Hath in his soul sublimer land
Than all these outward realms of God.

The farmer when he sows his seeds
Broadcast upon the furrowed ground,
Discerneth well his future needs,
In harvest sheaves together bound.
There is a beauty and a grace
In all to which his hand is given,
He sees in Nature's faultless face
The matchless symmetry of Heaven.

'Tis Thought that makes the regal mind,
That gems and stars the human brow ;
The soul by her is well refined,
And to her mandates monarchs bow.
Great thrones and empires soon must fall,
For them be no memorial found —
The Soul is conqueror over all,
For she is blest, and saved, and crowned !

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord of Light
Disperse from us the shades of night.
The night is deep, where shall we go,
But to thy sunlight's blessed glow ?
We grope, we grieve, are lost, are lone ;
O guide us to thy spotless throne !
The twilight of our being raise
Unto thy starlight's hallowed gaze,—
From starlight to thy crowning day,
Which takes our darkest shades away.

Lighten our darkness Lord of Light !
Afar the day gleams on our sight,
The distances lie distant still,
We wait the moving of thy will.
The valleys where dim footsteps go
Are full of music, sweet and low,
Which sounds from thy angelic choirs,
To kindle all our high desires !

We long from darkness to upsoar
Where night enfolds us nevermore.

Lighten our darkness, Lord of Light !
Guard thou our slumbers through the night,
Watch o'er the world, where our repose
Is watched by friends and watched by foes ;
Where gloom and brightness interblend,
Till sleep and deathlike stillness end.
When thy eternal morning breaks
The spell this earthly slumber makes,
For all the blackness of the night,
Give us thy glory, Lord of Light !

BEAUTY OF THE PSALMS.

Through the soul-inspiring Psalms,
Israel's sweet and holy Psalms,
Rest I in Jehovah's arms.

For the blessed psalmist brings
Images of holy things,
From the mighty King of kings.

And I feel an awe divine,
When I trace each sacred line ;
See God's radiant glory shine.

Then the Temple's veil seems rent,
And I linger there content,
Listening to the message sent.

Trust and wait ; his coming see ;
Heaven-sent angels cling to thee ;
As thy day, thy strength shall be.

Then I stand entranced and gaze,
While the voiced soul of praise
Tells me of eternal days.

Never can my soul deny
That profound celestial cry,
Thou to God art very nigh.

For the music of the Psalms,
Finds me with uplifted palms,
Resting calmly in God's arms.

Whispering to me thus, he saith,
I who breathe in thee my breath,
I am Lord of life and death.

Through the valley I will lead ;
Of my sheep who with me feed,
I good Shepherd am indeed !

Take my staff, and take my rod,
Drink my life-stream, child of God,
That which courses all abroad.

I will surely comfort thee,
When thou rowest through the sea —
Guide thee straightway unto me.

Thou shalt fear no evil then ;
Evil is for earthly ken,
Not for true, immortal men.

Of all singers, King of kings,
This and more the Psalmist sings,
And rich comfort to me brings.

When I praise, and when I pray,
This grand singer cheers my way,
And I whisper day by day,

While the angels wait on high,
And the seraphim do cry,
Psalm nor Psalmist ne'er shall die.

God of singing, pure and sweet,
By this power my soul complete ;
Make me for thy presence meet.

Let me reach to thine, my arms ;
Clasp in thine my spirit palms,
And my life-chants be these Psalms!

A GOLDEN TRUTH.

'Tis a golden truth that love seeks love,
That souls do meet in a kindred way,
Where the soul-love is, the heart must stay ;
That love divine is the Spirit Dove,
Of the stream of life that wends its way.

'Tis a golden truth, love cannot die !
It moveth on in its heavenly course,-
And it bows alone to its own true source ;
It hath no wings of its own to fly
Away from the soul in its own blue sky.

'Tis a golden truth that love is true ;
Though the soul be dark with an earthly mist,
That soul by the heart of love is kissed,
Till the life is ransomed through and through ;
'Tis a golden truth that love is true.

BIRTHDAY POEMS.

To W. D., 1872.

If new born light on thee should dawn,
On this thy new birthday,
Be thankful for the rising morn,
That promises to stay.
For sunshine is the gift of God,
It falls around our door ;
It goldens every pathway trod,
With joy forevermore.

A river of great gladness rolls
Close to our lives unseen ;
There's music in all human souls —
A heavenly life serene ;
And this is the grand miracle :
Why grieving life moves on,
When what was once a glorious spell
Is vanished and is gone.

Life is a mystery deeply hid,
That day by day unrolls ;
That we should lose it, love forbid ;
The heart must reach its goals.
O cross of pain ! O crown of light !
We cry in every hour,
Where is our peace in day and night,
And life's reviving power.

The Infinite has ordered all ;
He knows our changeful race,
And keeps within his spirit call
Our inmost dwelling place.
How wondrous is that way of His,
With all its starry shine !
How fearfully sublime it is !
The way of " thine and mine."

He knows our birthdays in His heart ;
His eye to every one
Doth give its own allotted part,
And watch till day is done.
Clad in his robe of matchless hue
The souls of men are seen ;

O what are we in His review ?
O what does Being mean ?

Now let Him answer. We are blind
To see the first and last,
Will he not prove forever kind
In life's most stormy blast ?
God grant that when this life is o'er,
Our souls may sweetly say
That life which changed forevermore
Has here its best birthday !

To W. D., 1873.

There are birthdays of the soul ;
What shall thine, O good friend, be !
Birthdays of the years that roll,
Hear them whisper unto thee ;
Life is God's great trust to men,
And the years that come and go
Tell of a sublimer ken,
Which the blessed ones shall know.

There is gold in every mind,
Darkened though the mind may be ;
There are wells of thought, refined ;
There is Being's crystal sea ;
And the bright eternal years,
Free from doubts forever run ;
Here is freedom from all tears,
Through the Father and the Son.

Thus my thoughts to-day are turned,
When I think of years that roll ;
Think the highest truth is learned
In the silence of the soul ;
And I say within my heart,
Give the old years all their due,
Let us bid them all depart,
Let us welcome in the new.

Is not this a beauteous clime,
Wherein mortals briefly stay ?
When a moment is their time,
When a morning gilds their way ?
Knowing this how grand the aim
Of our living here should be,

Trusting in the Holy Name,
Making all things pure and free.

O, these birthdays! soon they cease;
We shall move to other spheres,
Into worlds of endless peace,
Born of the undying years.
Then, on some eternal height,
On some mount of God, sublime,
We shall view with calm delight
All the birthdays of our time.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

Thy peace, O God ! when will it come ?
We are unrestful in this world of care ;
We find no peace ; all things are dumb,
Unto our speech when moulded into prayer ;
Dark heavy mists move round us, we are sad
To see no Eastern Star, with glory clad !
Earthward we move, toward Heaven our feet
move slow ;
Night fills the realms where daylight beams
should glow ;
Light up the skies that o'er our pathways bend,
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, till life shall end !

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O Christmas bells, that chime once more !
Toll out the blessed days of yore ;
Toll out the hearts that have not died,
Toll out the souls now glorified.—

Now chime and ring,
Now ring and sing,
One sweet good will o'er land and tide !

Sweet pealing bells, loud chiming bells !
Ring out the year's sublime farewells ;
Ring out the glad notes, ever young,
Breathed for the shepherd's heart and tongue —

Now peal and ring,
Now ring and sing,
The sweet good will the angels sung.

Glad Christmas bells ! grand Christmas bells ;
O'er mount and vale your music swells !
Ye cannot hush your murmers sweet,
Ye make Creations's song complete ;

Ye ring and sing,
Ye sing and ring,
Till Time keeps time with joyful feet.

Dear ancient bells, old chiming bells ;
Old hymns, all glorious with their swells,
Go sounding on in every peal,
Till memory laughs and weeps to feel
 That when ye ring,
 And when ye sing,
Old Time hath many a wound to heal !

Chime, Christmas bells ! sound Christmas bells !
O'er all the lands your cadence swells,
A tone that never can depart
From him who hath a human heart —
 Then ring and sing,
 And sing and ring,
O'er hill, o'er vale, o'er town o'er mart !

EMPIRES.

Empires of thought, of word, and deed
Arise, and shine, then pass away ;
Their heroes and their martyr's meed
Is that they live alway.

Eternal friendship speaks their praise ;
Immortal memory sings their name ;
Time glories in their crowning days,
And gives them endless fame.

They voiced the truth,— they would not give
A falsehood wings to cleave the air ;
They bade old error cease to live,
To die in dark despair.

They spoke for freedom and for God,
Of victories that the right should gain ;
The paths of sacrifice they trod,
In want, and care, and pain.

And therefore hallowed is the grave,
Blessed by their memory's guiding star,
The deathless and the parted brave
Who with the angels are.

Forget them not; we may behold
In vision that heroic throng;
And learn that beauteous lives enfold
The world's enduring song.

LOVING AND KNOWING.

He who loves God's will shall know
How His Spirit's breath doth blow,
Till the secret influence given
Opens all the doors of Heaven.

He who met his Lord by night,
Found his everlasting light
In the Master's Truth that spoke,
Which the darkened heavens broke.

So the soul that walks alone,
Looking toward the heavenly throne,
Peering through these prison bars,
Shall behold its crown of stars.

As the winds of earth do play
In the night and in the day,
So all seasons of earth's time,
Show the world of truth sublime.

We may ask as one of old,
How can these things e'er be told ?
Who among the sons of men
Shall on earth be born again ?

Then the Master's voice shall speak,
O ye faithless, O ye weak,
Lore of ages have ye learned,
And this truth not yet discerned ?

In the depths of being given,
Find the holy heights of heaven ;
In the soul thy rest must be,
And the home that comforts thee !

Here His gifts have blissful power,
Here is thy eternal dower —
Seeking him by day and night,
See ; the Master gives us light.

Thus O seeker of the Lord,
Take the meaning of His Word,
Till His Spirit shall unfold
Gates of pearl, and streets of gold.

EASTER HYMN.

Bring flowers ! bring flowers ! 'tis Easter dawn ;
Bring music's cheering tone !
The Spring hath symbolized the morn,
That man may call his own.

Bring flowers ! the font and altar wreath !
Chant psalm and gloria here !
Hark ! voices full of gladness breathe
Hymns for the Christian Year.

The risen Christ of God behold !
Immortal life He brings !
He opens now the streets of gold,
Our song of triumph sings !

The sealed sepulchre He breaks
With strong Almighty hands ;
While at his feet all Evil shakes,
And bow the angel bands.

He rises ! They who seek him now,
Will seek him not in vain ;
Eternal light is on his brow,
The Conqueror's cross is gain !

Bring flowers ! bring flowers, to beautify
These temples of our peace !
The Lord is risen, we shall not die,
Though all things earthly cease.

The hosts of Hell shall harm no more,
The souls that would be free !
Our victory waits us on the Shore
Of Immortality !

EASTER MORNING.

Easter Morning dawns again !
Sing, as once on Judea's plain
Sweetly broke the Christmas strain.

Christ hath risen ! From the tomb
Bursts the flower of endless bloom !

Christ hath risen ! Man shall rise
With his Lord, to Paradise.

Sin, and death, and fearful hell
By his power forever fell ;
Sing, O earth ! His victories tell.

Risen with Him, the morning star !
Risen where tears nor changes mar !
Risen all his followers are !

Bring the first flower of the Spring,
And the joyous anthem sing,
While ye give the offering.

Flowers once crowned the paths He trod
When He pressed this earthly sod,—
Were they not the flowers of God ?

Easter morning dawns again !
Sing, as once on Judea's plain
Sweetly broke the Christmas strain !

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

When the Church of God is loving,
When her words are strong and true ;
She will show the ancient beauty
That her first-born ages knew.
Then her saints were crowned with glory,
Then her living powers were bright ;
Then her prayer and song and story,
Shone with Heaven's resplendent light.

When the Church of God is holy,
She in Christ's stead will be near
To the needy,—to the lowly,
To the sons of slavish fear.
She will lead the feet estraying
On the mountain bleak and cold ;

She will mould to deeds her praying,
Till the wanderers reach the fold.

Blessed with ritual, calm and peaceful,
Blessed with praise in hymn and prayer,
Like the psalmist sweet of Israel,
She will comfort earthly care.
For the joy or grief that seals us
Pilgrims on a mortal shore,
She hath some accordant voicing
For our heart loves evermore.

Age and youth, to her are winsome,
She hath graces free and pure,
She hath solaces unspoken
For the ills that must endure ;
She doth point her faithful people
To that grand unclouded sky,
Where at last our souls are victors,
On the hills of God Most High.

Oh, for life and death ! how radiant
Is the Gospel Word she tells ;

Of the mighty Resurrection—
When the Easter Anthem swells !
When the Lord of all the living,
Doth each earth-born foe subdue,
And His life eternal giving,
Maketh in us all things new.

But his Church, baptized in glory,
We may not in time express ;
Only in her world immortal,
Beameth full her holiness.
Let us heed her spirit's urging,
That we love her ancient ways,
Till by her fruition lifted,
We the perfect Godhead praise.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

At the parting of the ways,
Standing on time's winding shore,
Looking with an upward gaze,
Glance we toward the evermore.

At the tide that meets us there,
Deathless souls are joy-inspired,
Glimpses of the Heavens to share,
And the mansions long desired !

Not until that crystal wave
Reaches to our very feet,
Do we know the good we crave,
And the kindred whom we meet !

Only here a faint light gleams
On the pilgrims by our side,
Only there, where daylight beams,
Souls transfigured, by us glide !

Let us read Life's Book in love ;
Think how changeful time must seem,
As the Star of Hope above
Shines for hearts that toil and dream !

Each his own load has to bear,
Each his burden to uphold ;
Kind for us may be their prayer,
Though our hearts may deem them cold.

For the heart of man is one
Throbbing in electric thrills
When a noble deed is done,
When a true soul thinks and wills.

When the humblest work of souls
Soon or late in triumph stands,
Gladness like an anthem rolls
O'er the near or distant lands.

Still this truth a truth remains :
Never till a good man dies
Do we feel what soulful gains
That one being underlies !

He has shed refreshing dews
On our paths of earthly strife ;
He has brought new worlds to view,
In his grand eternal life !

In his bright ascension hour
He has laid on us his hand,
And we feel that blissful power,
Human love may understand.

At the parting of the ways,
Standing on a wave-washed shore,
Blessed is our upward gaze,
Glancing toward the evermore !

THE FOREST WANDERER.

Where's our dear child ? where's our pet ?
In the forest lingering yet !
All the shades are round her thrown,
Leaves and flowers are round her blown ;
By the singing streams she glides,
Gazing on their coursing tides,
With a bright and beaming eye,
Looking low and looking high,
Looking to the heavens above,
Full of soul and full of love.

Where's our good child ? where's our pet ?
She hath staid the time we set,
We must soon her ways explore,
Bring her to the household door.
Evening must not dim the sun,
E'er our searching is begun ;
Silence must not gird us round,
E'er our roaming pet be found ;

Evening star-lamps soon will burn,
Let us haste the child's return !

Where's our good child ? where's our pet ?
Stranger child we never met !
Brave yet gentle, firm yet mild,
Well she loves the dingles wild !
In the sunshine in the showers,
She is roving midst the flowers.
Straying far and straying still,
Let us seek her where we will !
E'er the evening star-lights burn,
Let us haste the child's return.

So, forevermore we sing
Of all loves to which we cling ;
When we meet and when we part,
So forever speaks the heart.
Distant lands the forms divide,
Spirits linger side by side ;
And we say of those who roam,
We will give them welcome home ;
Evening star-lamps must not burn,
Till our dear ones all return !

FATHER OF ALL WHO LOVE THY
NAME.

Father of all who love thy name,
And from the heart obey thy will,
To thee we would submit our frame,
And be as thou art, calm and still.

O thou All Perfect ! none may touch
The awful stillness of thy throne ;
These fearful hearts do tremble much
To feel the silence of their own !

Thy silences are full of peace,—
Still thou the waves that o'er us roll ;
Thou art the voice that may not cease
To be the joy of every soul !

Make us to be at peace with thee
When clouds of darkness round us lie ;
Then do we need thy face to see,
And then the guidance of thine eye.

Thy joy and rest,— if these be ours
No outward foe may us enthrall ;
Our heart and our eternal powers
Repose in thee, our all in all.

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land is good and great !

She stands on Truth's and Mercy's side,
She keeps at memory's golden gate

The brave who bled for her and died.

She lives in power — the soul of law —

Makes her a presence, free and strong ;
She thrills the patriot's heart with awe.

She grandly chants sweet freedom's song.

My native land is good and great !

Her deeds are like the morning star,
Whose radiant beams make day clate

With light and beauty from afar.

Upon her hills the Church of God,

Shoots up her heaven-ascending spire ;
And classic shades, our feet have trod,
Gleam forth with learning's sacred fire.

My native land is good and great !
She listens to the suppliants cry,
And they whom bondage binds to fate,
Look to Columbia, e'er they die !
She stretches forth her welcome hands
To them who faint, in life's long race ;
And to the poor of other lands
She gives a home and dwelling-place.

My native land ! God bless her name,
And on her brow his honors shed —
Hold in His hand her well earned fame,
Nor let her rest with nations dead.
From every clime, and land, and sea,
His guiding eye her sons implore ;
His hand lead on to victory,
And bid her rise to fall no more !

IN THE MORNING.

In the morning we shall rise,
We shall rest awhile at first,
Then in Heaven's serener skies,
We shall lift our blessed eyes,
Where our life divine is nurst !

We shall all retire at night,
By the evening's starry light ;
We shall all our eyelids close,
In our sweet and deep repose ;
In our night-time, we shall be
Dreaming on life's boundless sea !
We shall sleep, yet hear the roll
Of the surges of the soul !
We shall see our night depart,
And the Day-spring fill our heart !

One by one, the shades will fly,
As the full day gems the sky !
We must work life's little day ;
Toil with patience when we pray —
Something from our life must go,
That our Master's Hand may show
To the eyes that waken, where
Heaven and our good angels are !
Never can life's work be done,
Never can a setting sun
Lull us there, to deep repose !
There our life stream ever flows !
There our manhood finds its best —
Finds its everlasting rest !

We shall not all sleep, but rise,
Glory-crowned, in Paradise !
Made alive in Christ, the Word,
His sweet voice within us heard,
Endless death shall take its flight !
Night will merge in morning light ;
And that morning light will stay,
When the heavens shall pass away !

THE DYING YEAR.

Glorious days are smiling round us,
While the leaves and flowers are sear.
And a soul-entrancing beauty
Crowns the autumn of the year.

Can it be the year is dying,
When her brow is fair and calm,
When her words are kind and gentle,
And her breath is but a balm ?

See ! a light that is supernal
Rests upon her placid face ;
So her blessings are eternal,
Deathless memories now have place.

She hath lived to purpose grateful,
Brightened many earth abodes,
Counselled many weary pilgrims,
Travelling o'er life's misty road

She hath lifted too the burdens,
From the time-worn and the weak ;
And hath bidden lips of sorrow,
Words of cheer and gladness speak.

Let the hearts which round her linger,
Shrine her in each deep recess,
Fixing memory's magic finger,
On her wondrous loveliness.

Through the stillness of the forests,
And the silence of the dells,
Come the murmured dirgeful echoes
Of the dying year's farewells.

And the human heart doth follow,
Wailing over all things sear —
O'er the fast receding radiance,
Or the dying of the year !

A WORLD'S INVOCATION.

Grief-bound is the wide Creation,
Waiting for its restoration ;

Praying, God of mercy spare us,
For the Heaven of love prepare us ;

Take us from the realms of error,
Chase away our night of terror ;

Turn the straying footsteps rightly,
Make the darkened hearts shine brightly ;

Friend Almighty, deign to save us
From the tyrants that enslave us.

Chastner, Keeper of the lowly,
Send to us thine angels holy.

To thy longing faint Creation,
Bring the day of restoration ;

Bring the day when grief shall vanish,
And thy voice the wrong shall banish ;

Bring the lost ones old and hoary,
Bring thou all souls home to glory ;

Make thy Kingdom universal,
Earthwide be thy love's rehearsal ;

Father of the whole Creation,
Bring the day of restoration !

THE GIFTS OF THE EARTH.

The gifts of earth, in summer,
Are mild, reviving showers —
The sunbeam and the shadow,
Its ever beaming flowers ;
The rainbow's tinted gleaming,
The songs of bird and rill,
The evening stars' glad beaming,
When all is hushed and still.

The gifts of earth, in autumn,
Are fruits of labor bold ;
The faithful sower reaps
In harvest time his gold.
It twines the wreath of gladness
Around that son of earth,
As he turns from care and sadness,
To his joyous household hearth !

The gifts of earth, in winter,
Are blessed gifts to man,

The trophies of his labor,
That he the past may scan,
And view in memory's mirror
Each joy and grief passed by,
And read the heavenly favor
In sunbeams on life's sky.

The gifts of earth, in spring time,
Are sparkling river streams,
And gently opening flowers,
In the sun's restoring beams.
They come and go like shadows
Athwart each sunny ray,
And as the shower's bright rainbow,
They beam to pass away.

One season is unfading—
The spring time of the mind ;
It hath no final shading,
But lasting gifts refined.
The gems of thought shall ever
Increasing beauty wear,
To cheer man's path to Heaven,
And crown with glory there.

BEAUTY IN DECAY.

Is there no beauty in decay,
In fading leaves and flowers ?
Go see the roses fade away,
With autumn's gliding hours ;
Go watch the changes of the skies
At day, or golden even ;
Then say, if glory may not rise,
In nature's clouded heaven !

Is there no beauty in decay ?
Mark well the singing streams ;
Behold them coursing on their way
Like dreamers, in their dreams.
Look on the stars and twilight shade,
Look on the midnight gloom
And see ! ah see, a glory made,
For nature's living tomb.

Is there no beauty in decay ?
Go to deserted bowers,

And hear low voices, whispering, say
• Where are my buds and flowers ?
Where are the vines that round us clung,
The birds that used to sing ?
And these shall answer with a tongue
Prophetic of the spring !

Is there no beauty in decay ?
Ask thou the silent grave
That hides the loved from sight away,
That hath no gift to save,
And that shall answer : these shall rise !
I keep the golden grain,
Till angels from celestial skies,
Shall bind these sheaves again !

A VOICE TO THE SINGERS.

Singers in your glorious spheres,
Living in God's endless years,
Once ye sang, on earth, through tears.

Here in many haunts of woe,
Went your footsteps to and fro,
Knowing what we do not know.

Inward struglings, long and vain,
Days and nights of care and pain,
Ye can never know again.

By unwelcome fortune led,
Where the lost and wandering tread,
Starving for your daily bread ;

Starving, while a world of wealth,
Stole your inmost life by stealth,
And your spirit's holy health.

While it called your way a crime,
Waste of poor man's thought and time,
Took the blessing of your rhyme.

Now your night of grief is o'er,
Earth will think of you the more,
And your shining thought implore.

They who spurned you from their side,
From their rank and wealth and pride,
Now behold you glorified !

Singers, in your glorious spheres,
Ye shall sing no more through tears ;
Yours are God's eternal years !

THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

There's a fair and beauteous city,
Where life's endless streams shall roll,
It is not a far-off city
'Tis the City of the soul!

There the streets are long and winding,
Leading unto many a goal,
Wondrous tides of being finding,
In the City of the soul!

Light is there, and glory, shining ;
Thought is there, that hath control ;
Day is there, each way divining,
Through the City of the soul !

There are temples of pure praises,
Where the hymns of music roll !
And the spell that music raises,
Charms the City of the soul.

There the path of life, still courses
On, by nature's sweet control —
Nature, by her silent forces,
Crowns the City of the soul !

There are nights of spirit terror,
Where the darkest oceans roll ;
There are deepest shades of error,
Round the City of the soul !

But the blackest night is transient,
Streams of life from azure roll !
Lights celestial yet are shining
In the City of the soul !

LIFE-TIME'S DREAM.

I know that life is full of dreams,
The human heart is not at rest,—
That heart more glorious than it seems,
Seeks out a world serene and blest.
I know it by the gleaming eyes,
That droop, or rise with grief or joy ;
I know it by the smiling skies
That hover round the happy boy !

He has his dreams of rare delight,
His eyes expectant look afar !
He sees his wished-for goal in sight ;
He will not see his evening star !
Life's morning glory sheds its rays
Upon his fair uplifted brow,

And visions of his coming days,
Impart their peace and beauty now !

Behold him gladsome in his plays,
And earnest in each word and tone !
How strong is he in childish ways,
How well he loves to walk alone,
How pure, how loving is his love,
Unknown in depth, or breadth, or height,
Like that which lives for him above,
And guards him on his couch at night !

Oh ! childhood is a type of truth ;
An image manhood well may wear,
The joys that charm and lead our youth,
May cast their spell round manhood's care.
Let shadows leave at last life's stream,
The real hath forms forever new ;
Each speechless thought, each day-born dream
Is but an earnest of the true !

So would my spirit ever say,
Unto the man, and to the boy,

Thou hast in time but one brief day !
Oh make that day, one day of joy !
We know that every varying gleam,
Is brightening in its inward glow,
And while each life must have its dream,
No life can be a fleeting show !

THE POWER OF DEEDS.

Oh ! not alone by thought and words,
Is power increased within the soul ;
Deeds reach and touch the tenderest chords,
Deeds make the spirit whole !

Something to manifest our love
For man ; this gives us power !
Beyond all words, deeds prove our love
To be life's noblest dower !

And souls are saved by holiest deeds !
It may be, in some fairer clime,
That we shall meet the soul, whose needs
Our deeds met here in time !

And it may gladden us to know,
That happy souls, there pure and free,
Were saved by us, from rocks below,
When they were wrecked at sea !

THE SEASONS.

Let seasons come, and quickly go ;
They only deepen lives within,
The summer heats, the winter's snow,
These are the types of all below,—
The types of lives that we begin !

We have our summer noontide heats,
And then the life's deep, fervent glow !
We have the stormy blast that beats,
That whirls us through the driving snow,
While home grows distant as we go !

The rivers course, the oceans roll,
The thunders peal, the lightnings gleam !
All these are in the living soul ;
Whose silent, and whose secret stream,
Doth leap and sing to reach its goal !

Our mountains rise, our valleys sink,
Our ways have an uncertain tread,
The founts are glad at which we drink,
Till we remember some are dead,
Who with us, love's sweet ritual said.

Our days move on ; the light of stars
Is shed adown our evening sky ;
The moon's out-shining silver bars,
The softened winds that whisper by,
Betoken summer's cadenced cry.

The seasons yet, will come and go ;
One season in our Eden lies,
One summer-time in endless glow,
Will bless the pure immortal eyes,
For there the blooming never dies !

FANNY FERN.

With heart heroic, crowned by pain,
She conquered all her earthly foes,
She triumphed! Now eternal gain,
Her pure enfranchised spirit knows!
Great soul! so long and sorely tried;
Such spirits shall be glorified!

Blest thought! no tempests reach her now,
No care-worn toil, no unkind voice;
Where free-born sons and daughters bow,
She lives now only to rejoice;
And blessed in the eternal hours,
Are all her thoughts and all her powers!

'Tis well, the marble shaft should gleam,
All glorious with her honored name,
'Tis well that writen words should beam,
To tell the beauty of her fame;
For this can well be said of her,
She was a noble conqueror!

BISHOP EASTBURN.

Firmly he kept the Faith his manhood held,
As if God's truth were all! His loyal heart
Would not let go. The loves that found their part
In him, were all sincere ; and if he seemed,
At times to love his will, his aims were grand !
Such as he thought we all should understand,
When he was gone ! In every path he trod,
We cannot doubt he loved and honored God ;
And light shone for him from celestial spheres !
If e'er he wept ; in secret were his tears.
His eyes were lustrous with divine delight,
Until the day he parted from our sight.

TO A SINGER.

Sing thou long tried child of sorrow,
Sing to-day, and sing to-morrow ;
Sing, though all earth's hopes be slain !
Song is born of mortal pain !

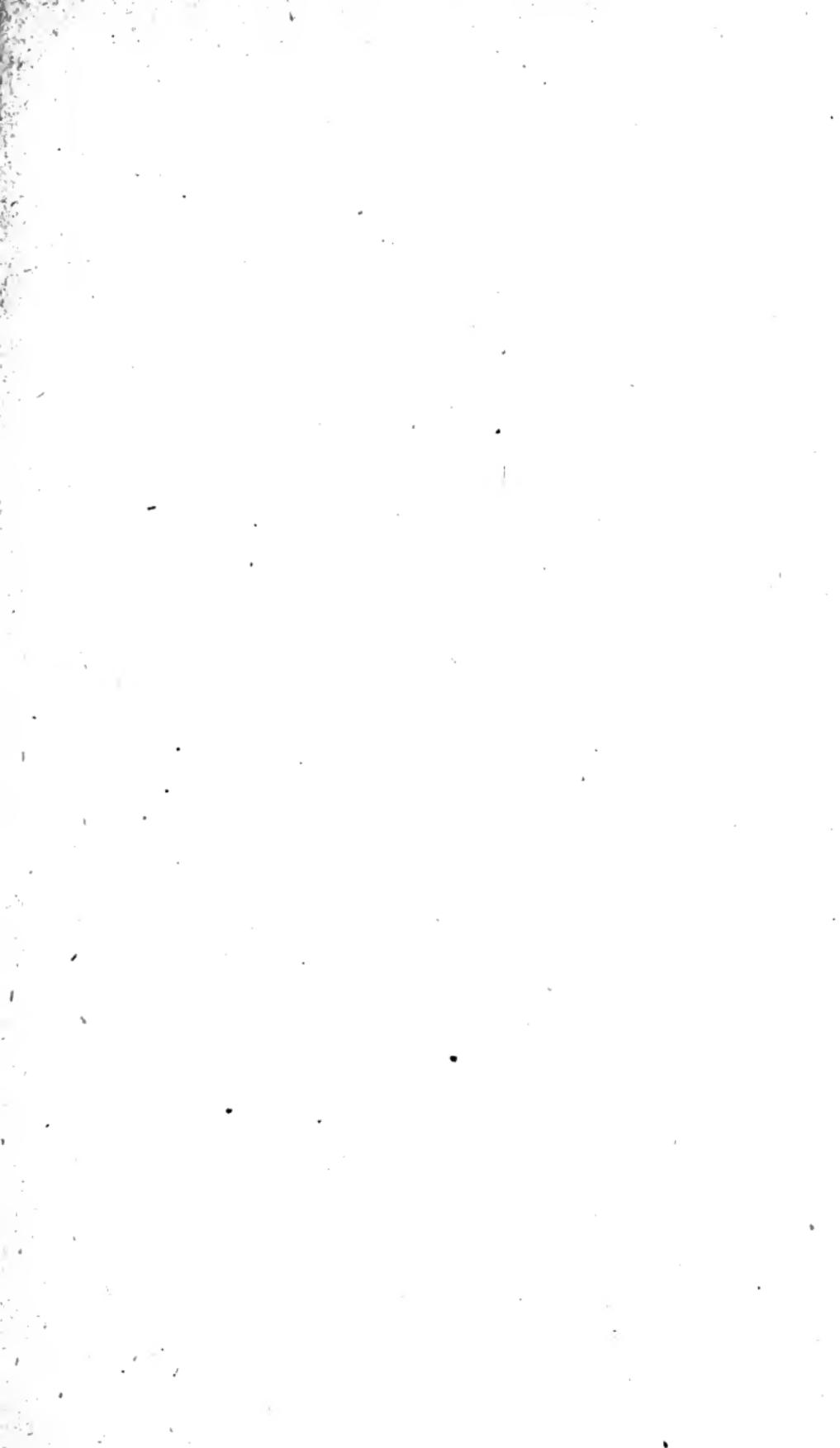
Song is for the heart enslaved,
Longing, crying to be saved !
Song is born with souls opprest,
Daily praying to be blest.

Song is helper to the holy,
Song is kind unto the lowly ;
Voiceful from the vales of woe !
Hear its music come and go !

Judge not then thy brother's voicing,
Though he seem a soul rejoicing ;
With the pure, the true, and strong,
Grief is ever blent with song !







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